

CDC
STRANGE
SUSPENSE STORIES

STRANGE

SUSPENSE STORIES

No 19

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

**operator--YOU'VE GOT TO GET
THROUGH--he's innocent!**

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Ken Grimm BEFORE
mailing coupon

In 10 Minutes of **FUN** a day I changed myself

from this
Bloodless Pitiful

**SKINNY
SHRIMP**
to this



**NEW
MUSCULAR
RED-BLOODED**

HEAD-TO-TOE
HE-MAN!

Ken
GRIMM,
AFTER
MAILING
COUPON

Now, Buddy **YOU**

Mail the Coupon
below as I did!

May be **LAST**
CHANCE be-
fore \$1 price
goes back!

GET ALL THESE
PICTURE-
PACKED
COURSES

**5
FREE**

If you mail
coupon NOW!

Millions
have been sold
at \$1.

I just

**GAINED
35 NEW LBS.**
OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES!

You can do the same
as I and **THOUSANDS** have
You can add 10 inches to your **CHEST**
6 inches to each **ARM** and
the rest in proportion as I did

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY, WEAK** or **FLABBY** any more
just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did.

Besides getting **ALL 5** Courses (pictured on this page) **FREE** (MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR \$1)
you'll **ALSO** get **FREE** a big **BOOK** of **PHOTOS** of **STRONG MEN**
and **BOYS** who were **WEAKLINGS** like you **BEFORE** mailing coupon

THIS THRILLING BOOK WILL ALSO TELL YOU

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

- 1 FIVE COURSES 2' MUSCLE METER
- 3 Photo Book of STRONG MEN

"Special Courses
Special on
Building
Build-up
and more"
-J. Kallies
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
120 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 3 N.Y.

Dear George, Please mail to me **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 **HE MAN** Building
Courses: 1 How to Build a Mighty Chest 2 How to Build a
Mighty Arm 3 How to Build a Mighty Grip 4 How to Build
a Mighty Back 5 How to Build Mighty Legs. How all in One
Volume "How to Become a Mighty HE MAN" ENCLOSED FIND 10c
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (No C.O.D.s)

Dept. CH47
Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc

NAME AGE

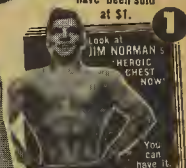
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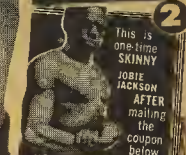
MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

HOW YOU

**CAN WIN
A BIG 15" TALL
SILVER CUP**
as I just did
and how to
WIN \$100.



HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY CHEST



HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY ARM



HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY BACK



HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY GRIP

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY LEGS

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

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STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

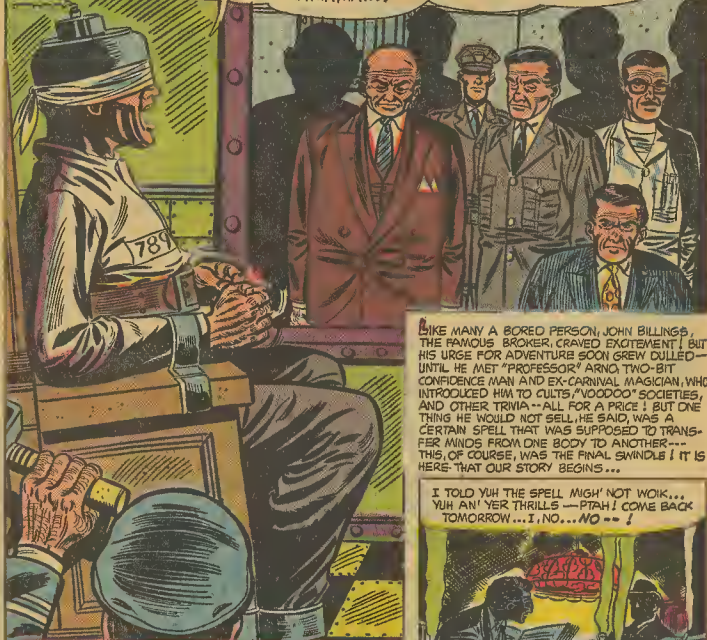
The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

ATOMIC MUNE • COWBOY WESTERN HEROES • CRIME AND JUSTICE • FUNNY ANIMALS
 EMI die this crazy comic • HAUNTED • HOT RUSS AND RACING CARS • ZOD FUNNIES
 LASH LARUE WESTERN • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • RACKET SQUAD • SIX-GUN HEROES
 ROMANTIC STORY • SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES • STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
 SWEETHEARTS • TEX BITTER WESTERN • TRUE LIFE SECRETS • TV TRENS • THE THING

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

GIVE BACK MY BODY

HURRY UP---FINISH IT! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? KILL THIS BODY...KILL IT! THEN I'LL BE FREE OF IT---FREE, DO YOU HEAR?
 HA, HA, HA...!



LIKE MANY A BORED PERSON, JOHN BILLINGS, THE FAMOUS BROKER, CRAVED EXCITEMENT! BUT HIS URGE FOR ADVENTURE SOON GREW DULLED--UNTIL HE MET "PROFESSOR" ARNO, TWO-BIT CONFIDENCE MAN AND EX-CARNIVAL MAGICIAN, WHO INTRODUCED HIM TO CULTS, "VOODOO" SOCIETIES, AND OTHER TRIVIA--ALL FOR A PRICE! BUT ONE THING HE WOULD NOT SELL, HE SAID, WAS A CERTAIN SPELL THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO TRANSFER MINDS FROM ONE BODY TO ANOTHER---THIS, OF COURSE, WAS THE FINAL SWINDLE! IT IS HERE THAT OUR STORY BEGINS...

I TOLD YUH THE SPELL MIGH' NOT WOIK... YUH AN' YER THRILLS ---PTAH! COME BACK TOMORROW...I, NO...NO--!

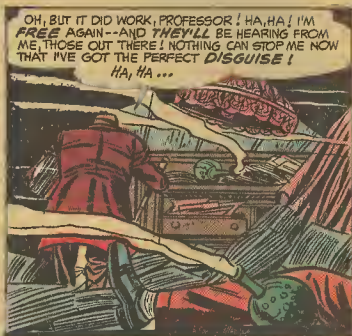


THEY STRAPPED HIM TO THE CHAIR. THIS WAS HIS LAST MOMENT OF LIFE! HE SQUIRMED AND SWEATED, WAITING FOR DEATH TO FREE HIM FROM A BOND WORSE THAN ANY PRISON...A CRIMINAL'S BODY---A BODY THAT WAS NOT HIS OWN!

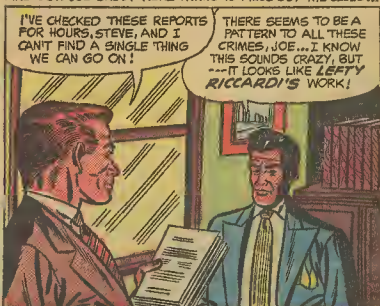
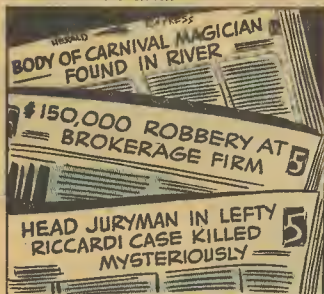
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



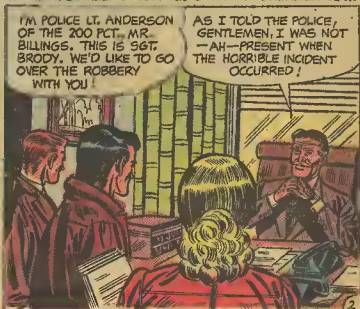
MUE WAS RIGHT! FOR SOON AFTERWARDS, A SERIES OF VICIOUS ROBBERIES AND MURDERS ROCKED THE CITY...



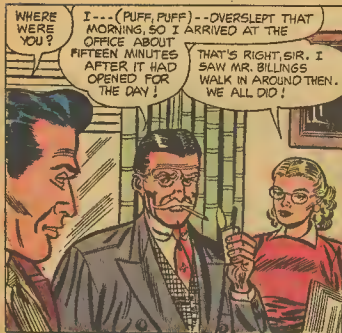
AND, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, LT. STEVE ANDERSON AND SGT. JOE BRODY WERE TRYING TO PIECE OUT THE CLUES...



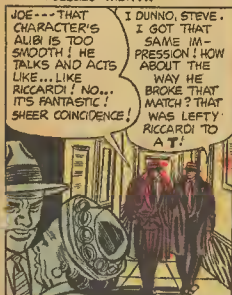
20 MINUTES LATER, THE TWO DETECTIVES STEPPED INSIDE THE HANDSOMELY-DECORATED OFFICE OF JOHN BILLINGS...



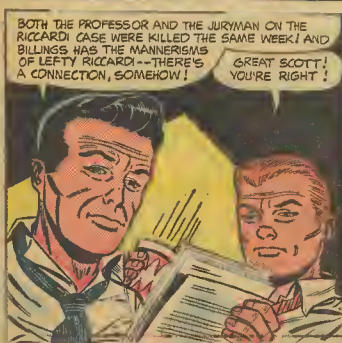
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



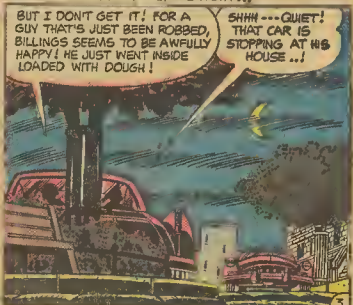
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE DETECTIVES WALKED OUT, TWO VERY PUZZLED MEN...



TWO DAYS PASSED...THE TWO MEN WORKED THEMSELVES TO DEATH TRYING TO SOLVE THE ENIGMA OF THE MYSTERIOUS MR. BILLINGS! FINALLY...



BUT SEVERAL DAYS OF SHADOWING JOHN BILLINGS PROVED FRUITLESS--UNTIL, ONE NIGHT...



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



WOW! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

YEAH -- LEFTY RICCARDI'S GANG -- INCLUDING HIS GIRLFRIEND!



LISTEN CAREFULLY, JOE! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING THERE --- SEND A CALL TO HEAD-QUARTERS! IF I'M NOT BACK HERE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES --- BREAK IN!

CHECK!

ST. STEVE ANDERSON RAN SWIFTLY UP TO THE HOUSE AND HID HIMSELF WITHIN HEARING DISTANCE OF THE TERRACED LIBRARY. IT WAS APPARENT THAT SOMETHING BIG WAS GOING TO OCCUR ...



CHEE --- WOT A BIG JOINT!

OKAY --- GIVE WITH THE ANSWERS BIG-BOY! WHAT IS ALL THIS ABOUT AN' HOW DIDJA KNOW WHERE TO FIND US?



MAYBE THIS MONEY WILL ANSWER FOR ME, KATE! HA, HA... WE HAVE ENOUGH TO GET STARTED AGAIN!

MY NAME --- YOU KNOW IT!

WHEW! LOOK AT DAT --- CHEE!

IT'S FROM "MY" OWN FIRM! HA, HA...! THOSE POOR OUMB GUARDS! YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THEM! THEY LOOKED SO SURPRISED WHEN I PULLED THE TRIGGER! THEN I WENT OUT THE REAR, PUT THE MONEY IN A SAFE PLACE, DOUBLED BACK, AND CAME IN 15 MINUTES AFTER OPENING TIME!

W-WHO ARE YOU? YOU TALK LIKE ---



-- LIKE LEFTY RICCARDI, EH? WELL, THAT'S WHO I AM! HA, HA, HA... DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME, BOYS? HA, HA, HA...

Y-YEAH, BOSS. WOT A PLASTIC JOB! HOW'D YUH GET OUT O' STIR?



THROUGH A SPELL, IKE! HA, HA! I PASSED OUT ONE NIGHT IN MY CELL WITH A LOUSY HEADACHE --- WHEN I CAME TO, IT WAS IN ANOTHER ROOM! THIS PROFESSOR CALLED ME "BILLINGS"! THEN IT DAWNED ON ME THAT I, LEFTY RICCARDI, WAS FREE! BUT MY FRIEND KNEW TOO MUCH, SO... HA, HA, HA...



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



MEANWHILE, LT. STEVE ANDERSON, HEARING SHOTS, RAN INSIDE THE HOUSE, AND ...



SECONDS LATER, THE POLICE, LED BY SGT. JOE BRODY, RUSHED INSIDE THE HOUSE, AND...



AS THE CAR ROARED THROUGH THE NIGHT TOWARD STATE PRISON, A FURIOUS RAINSTORM BROKE OUT SHATTERING THE STILLNESS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE ...



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

IT WAS SOME TWO HOURS LATER WHEN THE TWO DETECTIVES PULLED UP ALONGSIDE A SOLEMN PROCESSION WITHIN THE CONFINES OF AN EVEN MORE SOMBER PRISON...

WE'RE TOO LATE!

STEVE--IF IT'S WHAT I THINK IT IS, DON'T MAKE A FOOL OF YOURSELF BEFORE THE GOVERNOR! DR. HALL CALLED HEAD-QUARTERS WHEN YOU WERE OUT OF THE CAR... BILLINGS WAS BEING TREATED FOR **SCHIZOPHRENIA--SPLIT-PERSONALITY**!---SO HE COULD HAVE BEEN INSANE!



AH, UT, ANDERSON! IT'S A PLEASURE TO SEE THE MAN WHO PUT THAT MURDERER IN PRISON! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, TOO!--IT'S THE END OF THE ROAD FOR LEFTY RICCARDI!

THEY SAY ALL THOSE TOUGH CRIMINALS BREAK DOWN ON THE CHAIR...WELL--HE WAS NO EXCEPTION!



IT'S AMAZING HOW HIS PERSONALITY CHANGED! HE MADE THIS LAST ENTRY IN HIS DIARY JUST BEFORE WE CAME FOR HIM...FRANKLY, IT'S NOTHING OF IMPORTANCE...JUST THE RAVINGS OF A MADMAN!

MAY WE SEE IT?



I found out today that Professor Brody is dead! I suspected as much. Lefty Riccardi must have killed him with my body. Now I must pay with my own life!--I thought it was exciting to be a criminal for a day...I know better now! I'm glad, glad that I'm condemned--that dies! I don't care about my body--I don't care about myself...I can't get back---This body is evil! Why don't they execute me? I wish they would! Hey, only they will I have peace...!
John Billings

GOOD HEAVENS! THEN THIS WAS REALLY ON THE LEVEL!--UGH...WHAT A WAY TO DIE!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, SERGEANT?



UH--WELL--YOU SEE, SIR...THOUGH SGT. BRODY IS A "RELENTLESS ARM OF THE LAW", HE STILL CAN'T SEE MEN DIE THIS WAY--NOT EVEN LEFTY RICCARDI! ISN'T THAT RIGHT, SGT?

YEAH--I-I GUESS SO... THAT'S RIGHT!

HO, HO! THAT'S A GOOD ONE ON YOU SGT.--MUST TELL THAT TO MUM WIFE, HO, HO... HO...



AND, AS THE GOVERNOR'S LAUGHTER RANG OUT IN THE RAIN-FILLED NIGHT, THE HEARSE SLOWLY DISAPPEARED BEHIND A CURVE IN THE ROAD--INSIDE A DEAD MAN WHO HAD WANTED TO DIE!

The End

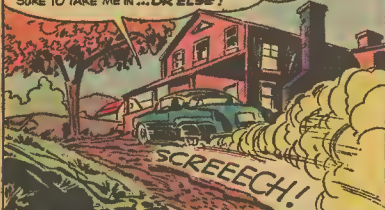
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

OWL BLENHEIM WAS HOT AS A FIFTY-CENT PISTOL...THE LAW WAS BREATHING ON HIS NECK! BUT INSTEAD OF FINDING SAFETY IN THE HIDEOUT HE HAD SELECTED, HE BECAME...

ALL BURN'T UP!

THE DAY AFTER THE FIRST FEDERAL BANK IN TOTTENHAM WAS ROBBED, A DIRT-STREAKED CAR RACED UP TO THE HOME OF CAROL CORTEZ, WIDOW OF THE INFAMOUS GUNMAN GARY CORTEZ...

GOOD AND QUIET HERE...GREAT PLACE FOR ME TO DUCK OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL THE HEAT DIES! CAROL'S SURE TO TAKE ME IN...OR ELSE!



O-OWL BLENHEIM!
I-I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE...SINCE...

...THAT JOB IN CENTERVILLE, WHEN GARY GOT HIS! I NEED YOUR HELP BAD, CAROL...UNTIL I COOL OFF A BIT! I'LL PAY FOR THE HIDEOUT...FROM WHAT I HEAR YOU AND THE KID CAN USE A COUPA DOLLARS.



B-BUT MY BOY, OWL...I'M TRYING TO RAISE HIM RIGHT! I-I DON'T WANT HIM TO BECOME LAWLESS LIKE HIS FATHER

AIN'T A THING FOR YOU TO WORRY ABOUT, CAROL! LONG AS I'M HERE I'LL ACT LIKE A PERFECT LAW-ABIDING GENNELMAN



THE KID'LL NEVER GUESS I GOT A POLICE RECORD AS LONG AS MY...OOOPS!



HEE HEE
HEEE!

W-WHY THAT
SNIVELING
BRAT...!

YOU MUSTN'T MIND, SAMMY,
OWL...HE'S JUST FULL OF
HIGH SPIRITS. THERE ISN'T
AN OUNCE OF MISCHIEF
IN THAT BOY!..



THINGS AT THE CORTEZ HOUSE WERE CALM THE REST OF THAT DAY, BUT THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

Y-YOU HALF-PINT BUZZARD... I OUGHTTA
BRAIN YOU FOR JIMMYING OPEN THE TRUNK
CASE OF MY CAR! T-THAT'S MY WHOLE
ARSENAL IN THERE!

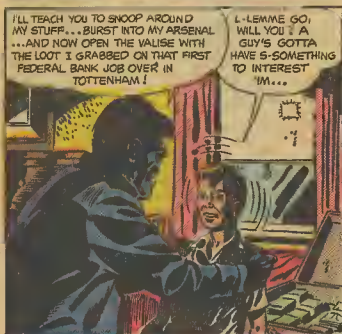
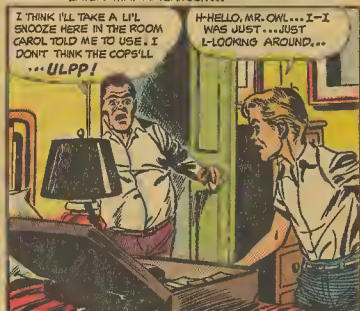
I-I WAS ONLY
PLAYING, MISTER
OWL...



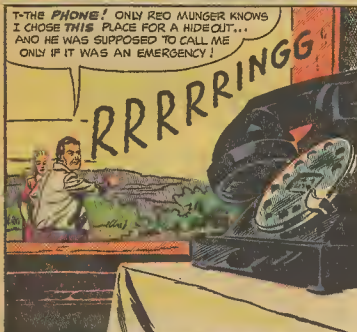
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



SOMEHOW, OWL BLENHEIM DID CONTROL HIS TEMPER...UNTIL LATER THAT AFTERNOON...



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, OBVIOUS TO THE NOISE EMANATING FROM THE BARN, OWL BLENHEIM FINISHED HIS PACKING AND PREPARED TO MAKE A HURRIED DEPARTURE...



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

THIS TIME **NOTHING'S** GONNA STOP ME, PEA-BRAIN! I'M GONNA KILL YOU... THEN YOUR OLD LADY! BUT BEFORE I DO, CONFESS... **YOU** SWIPED THE GAS FROM MY TANK, DIDN'T YOU?

Y-YES... FOR THIS THING YOU SUGGESTED I BUILD...



SAY YOUR PRAYERS, SAMMY... YOU MADE IT HOT FOR ME ONCE TOO OFTEN!

D-DON'T COME ANY CLOSER, MR. OWL! I-I FOLLOWED THE INSTRUCTIONS IN THAT MECHANIC'S BOOK EXACTLY... AND THIS THING'LL WORK! I-**I'M WARNING YOU...**
HERE GOES!



T-TURN THAT THING OFF... OR I'LL... I'LL...
ARGHHHH!



DUCK, KID... THAT GUY'S A KILLER! AND TOSS THAT JUNK ASIDE... **RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!**



BLINHEIM'S DEAD! AS COLD...ER...HOT...AS A MACKEREL!

J-JUMPIN' JEHOSEPHAT...IT WORKED! I-I ACTUALLY DID BUILD A **FLAME-THROWER**... JUST LIKE THE ONE IN THE BOOK! I'M SURE GLAD MR. OWL CAME HERE... AND GIMME THE IDEA!



The End

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

IT WAS VITAL THAT GUSTAY PERRIN GET BACK THAT PACKAGE HE HAD HIDDEN WHEN THE POLICE WERE CLOSING IN! HE WAS PREPARED TO **KILL** IN ORDER TO GET HIS HANDS ON HIS ...

SURPRISE PACKAGE!!



YOU! WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?

I...I'VE BEEN SPOTTED! GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE...HAVE TO RUN FOR IT! IF I CAN GET TO THE CAR I MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE MY GETAWAY!

T-THIS PACKAGE...IT MAY SAVE MY LIFE! THOSE GUARDS KNOW HOW DEADLY IT IS... THEY'RE SCARED TO DEATH OF HITTING ME OR HAVING ME DROP THE BUNDLE! THOSE ARE JUST WARNING SHOTS TO SCARE ME!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

THERE'S THE CAR...I THINK I'M GOING TO MAKE IT!
FOR MORE THAN A MONTH I'VE BEEN WAITING TO GET
MY HANDS ON THIS PACKAGE...THE MINIATURE EXPERI-
MENTAL A-BOMB INSIDE OUGHT TO BE WORTH A
MILLION DOLLARS TO ME!

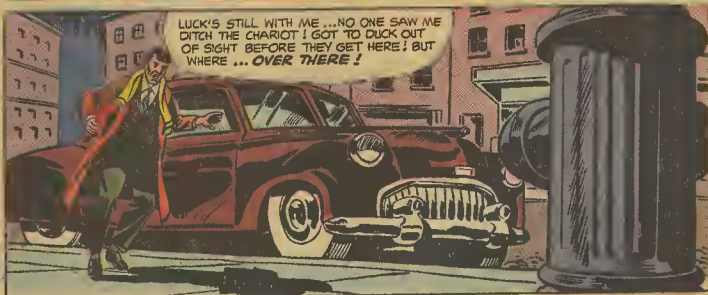


THE CAR LURCHED FORWARD WITH A THUNDEROUS
ROAR. MILE AFTER MILE GUSTAV PERRIN TWISTED
AND TURNED, TRYING TO THROW OFF HIS DES-
PERATE PURSUERS, BUT...

I'VE DONE EVERYTHING BUT TURN THIS HEAP INSIDE
OUT, AND THEY'RE STILL ON MY TAIL! GOT TO
THINK FAST...WE'RE IN TOWN ALREADY!



LUCK'S STILL WITH ME...NO ONE SAW ME
DITCH THE CHARIOT! GOT TO DUCK OUT
OF SIGHT BEFORE THEY GET HERE! BUT
WHERE... OVER THERE!



T-THEIR SIRENS...CLOSING IN!
THEY'RE ZEROED IN ON ME, ALL
RIGHT...ONLY WAY I CAN SLIP
OUT OF THIS IS TO DITCH
THE PACKAGE!



N-NOT A SECOND TO LOSE...I'LL
STASH THE BUNDLE IN THIS
COAT POCKET, THEN PICK IT UP
LATER!



NO USE TALKING,
BERT...I'VE
MADE MY MIND
UP TO DO IT! ALL
THE ARRANGEMENTS
ARE IN ORDER...
IT'S THE ONLY
WAY FOR ME!
SO LONG, PA!

I'VE GOT TO KEEP
MY EYE ON THIS
SKINNY GUY! IF
HE SHOULD
ACCIDENTALLY
DROP THAT
PACKAGE, I'O
HATE TO THINK
WHAT'O HAPPEN!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



THAT OTHER PACKAGE ON THE FLOOR...IT MUST BELONG TO HIM! MAKE IT EASIER FOR ME TO TRAIL HIM AFTER I GET RID OF THE COPS!

YOU...DOWN AT THE END OF THE BAR...STAY WHERE YOU ARE!



F-FUNNY...IT'S NOT ON HIM! ALL RIGHT, MISTER...WHERE'D YOU HIDE IT?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU GUYS ARE TALKING ABOUT! IF YOU BEEN TRAILING ME LIKE YOU CLAIM, WHERE WOULD I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DITCH THIS PACKAGE YOU'RE AFTER? YOU GOT THE WRONG GUY!



W-WELL, I'LL BE PRIED IN FAT! I COULD VE SWORN THAT HE...

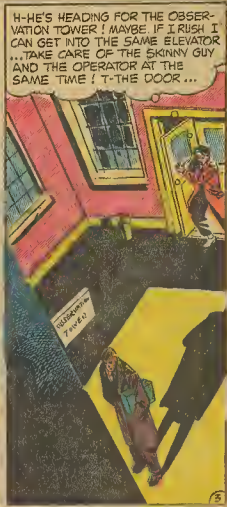
MY LUCK'S HOLDING OUT! THEY'RE GOING TO LET ME GO...I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST, WITHOUT LOOKING TOO ANXIOUS! THAT BAG-OF-BONES WITH MY PACKAGE CAN'T HAVE GONE TOO FAR!



THERE HE GOES, ACROSS THE STREET! I'LL TAIL HIM TO A NICE SECLUDED SPOT, THEN WHAM!



INTO THE KEYSTONE BUILDING. EH? I'LL HAVE TO BIDE MY TIME BEFORE I PUT THE SLUG ON THIS JOKER...AND JUST PRAY THAT HE DOESN'T LET THAT PACKAGE SLIP!



H-HE'S HEADING FOR THE OBSERVATION TOWER! MAYBE, IF I RUSH I CAN GET INTO THE SAME ELEVATOR...TAKE CARE OF THE SKINNY GUY AND THE OPERATOR AT THE SAME TIME! T-THE DOOR...

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

... IT...IT'S CLOSING. I-I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE NEXT CAR UP TO THE OBSERVATION TOWER. I--I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!



C-CAN YOU SPEED UP THIS THING, PLEASE? MY...MY WIFE'S EXPECTING ME UP ON THE TOWER, OPERATOR...IF I'M NOT UP THERE IMMEDIATELY I'M GOING TO HAVE AN AWFUL LOT TO EXPLAIN!

I UNDERSTAND, SIR! BE UP THERE IN A JIFFY!



THE CABLES SANG AS THE ELEVATOR HISSED A THOUSAND FEET INTO THE SKY. THEN...

HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE TO...OH, NO! T-THAT GUY...H-HE'S CLIMBING ONTO THE RAILING! M-MY GOD... HE'S GOING TO JUMP!



COME BACK, MISTER. **SUICIDE** ISN'T THE ANSWER TO YOUR PROBLEMS! BESIDES... THERE'S A DEADLY PACKAGE IN YOUR COAT POCKET! I PUT IT THERE MYSELF...I KNOW WHAT'S IN IT! WHEN YOU HIT THE GROUND THE EXPLOSION'LL BLAST THE CITY TO PIECES!

HUH?



SORRY, FELLER...MY MIND'S MADE UP! THIS IS THE ANSWER TO ALL MY PROBLEMS...

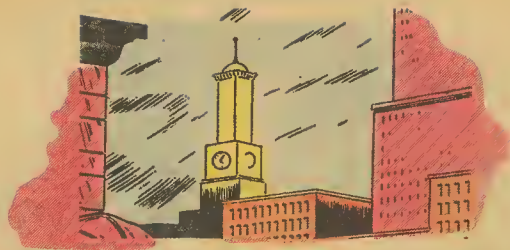
N-NO...FOR PETE'S SAKE... **DON'T!** Y-YOU'VE GOT A NEW TYPE OF ATOM BOMB IN YOUR POCKET...I OUGHT TO KNOW, BECAUSE I STOLE IT AND HID IT IN YOUR COAT!



G-GOOO GOD...HE JUMPED! WE'RE ALL DOOMED...THAT BOMB WILL OBLITERATE THE WHOLE CITY WHEN HE SMASHES INTO THE SIDEWALK!



IS GUSTAV PERRIN'S DIRE PREDICTION ABOUT TO COME TRUE? WILL THE HORRIBLE WEAPON HE HID IN THE STRANGER'S POCKET ACTUALLY DEVASTATE THE CITY? SEND YOUR IDEA OF THE FINALE TO **SURPRISE PACKAGE** TO ALFRED V. FAGO, 1472 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. THE BEST SYNOPSIS SUBMITTED WILL BE ILLUSTRATED IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF **STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES**!... THE WINNER GETS **FULL CREDIT** AND \$10.00 IN CASH!



“DESTRUCTIVE DEATH”

Jan Sagoro pointed his finger directly at Mr. William Mellinger.

“You know I am the greatest violinist in the world. Why do you refuse to let me give a concert at your opera house? This must be part of a conspiracy to prevent the world from listening to my wonderful music. I give you exactly two days to change your mind. Otherwise I shall wreck all your financial interests. For, not only can my music create, it can also destroy.”

“Get out of here before I have you thrown out,” shouted Mr. William Mellinger. “I don’t have to listen to the ravings of a mad man. Because I had a little pity in my heart I permitted you to play at that charity concert. Get out and stay away from my office. Otherwise I shall notify the police that you have threatened me.”

Mr. Max Katz, of M.K. Recordings, was a very busy man. Finally he spoke to his secretary.

“Send in that crazy violinist. I am going to give him a final warning. If he comes here again, I shall prefer charges against him. I understand he threatened Mr. Mellinger this morning. I can break that fellow with one hand tied behind my back. Send him in now.”

Jan Sagoro had a sneer on his twisted face, and he spoke first.

“You refuse to let me make recordings for your company. I can wreck all your business enterprises with my violin. For, I have discovered a simple but great secret. You have until tomorrow to change your mind. I want to record my theme song. It is called ‘Destructive Death.’ It will make you rich. Refuse me, and you are a ruined man.”

“I shall notify the police at once,” snapped back Mr. Max Katz. “This is blackmail. I shall swear out a warrant for your arrest. Get out of here before I count three, or I’ll throw you out myself.”

Mrs. Ethel Rivkin was a very happy woman. She had come all the way from her small town in Kansas to the Big City. And her niece, Helen Bailey, was showing her the sights.

“See that building in the distance,” said Helen Bailey. “That’s the largest office building in the world. It is owned by William Mellinger, who does much to spread good music in this country.”

Mrs. Ethel Rivkin gazed at the tall building. And then she squinted her eyes.

“I must be dizzy, Helen. Seems to me that the building is swaying. I guess I did a bit too much at my age.”

“The building looks as though it is swaying to my eyes,” remarked Helen Bailey. “Must be some kind of an optical illusion. Oh . . . oh . . . it is falling down . . . now I can’t see it!”

Most of the people who worked in the office building had left by five on that tragic day. But the two-hundred-and-sixty who were left behind died a terrible death, as steel and brick crashed down into the street. Twelve other buildings were smashed, and the total death list, including those caught by the debris in cars, amounted to more than four-hundred.

“That building was perfectly safe,” said George Krebs, head of the building inspection service of the city. “I had my men check over every inch of it. The papers call it sabotage. How was it done?”

The D.A., John Prager, wasn’t exactly the hoppiest man in town. He had his duty to perform.

“I spoke to Mr. Mellinger, and he told me about the threats made by Jan Sagoro. The police have an order to pick him up. But how can we show he did it? Mr. Max Katz of M.K. Recordings told me a similar story. It could be just a coincidence.”

“But if the studio building owned by Mr.

Strange **SUSPENSE STORIES**

Kotz collapsed in a similar manner then you would have to admit this so-called crazy violinist was behind it," challenged George Krebs.

The D.A. shrugged his shoulders. It wasn't a delightful situation in which to be found.

"I have to be shown how a building can be destroyed, and then that this man did it. That's all I can say now."

The famous comedy team of Anderson and Thompson were doing a TV program on the tenth floor of the building owned by Mr. Katz. A woman in the audience turned to her husband.

"I feel dizzy, Frank. Please take me out of here. Seems as though the building is swaying a bit."

The husband never had a chance to answer, as the entire structure collapsed. Hundreds were killed, and the few taken out alive died soon after.

The D.A. sat in the laboratory of the Crime Research Institute and looked at a demonstration that was to be given for his benefit and also for the members of the press who were present.

"When I cause this tuning fork to vibrate, you will see the glass tumbler on the other end of this long table split into hundreds of bits," said Professor Michael Spon.

The professor hit the tuning fork with a small stick, and a few seconds later the glass tumbler was shattered. Then he moved a skeleton building made of steel girders on the table. He lifted a violin.

"I shall play a note, and you will observe this small building as it collapses."

The professor lifted the violin and took the bow in his hand. He played the same note over and over. The building began to sway and finally toppled over on the table.

"What's the secret to all this?" asked the D.A.

"A simple scientific fact," explained the Professor. "Every thing has a basic vibration point. If I can find that point, then I can make it vibrate. Actually I found the vibration points first of the glass tumbler and also of the small building. Somehow this Jan Sagoro has found a method of determining the vibration point of any building. Then he plays a note on his violin with the same vibration. He keeps it up until the building collapses. He must either be somewhere in the vicinity or use some kind of a broadcast unit to send the vibrations in the direction of the object he desires to destroy. Clear, gentlemen?"

The members of the press asked a variety of questions, and then a tired D.A. came right to the point.

"Unless we catch this mad man, there is nothing to stop him from wrecking the entire

city. The Army has promised to cooperate with us and send us one of their highly secret radar vibration units. However, unless we know what he is going to destroy next, we can't use the unit."

David Sanger, feature reporter on the HERALD-TIMES, had an idea that sounded good.

"Why not goad him into telling us what he intends to wreck next? We can all run articles in which we say we think these collapses were just accidents. If this man can cause a building to smash, let him tell us the name. We will get a lot of crack-pots who want publicity. However, we can make sure it is Jan Sagoro by a simple technique. He will have to tell the contents of his last talks with Mr. Mellinger and with Mr. Katz."

The idea sounded good, and in a small joint at the waterfront, Jan Sagoro read the morning newspaper.

"So, they doubt I was the genius," he half shouted in the room, as he got up from his seat. "I'll wreck the New River Bridge. I know its vibration point. I'll call them from a pay phone because they can't trace a dialed call."

Captain Roy Kulman looked at the dial of his radar unit. The needle was moving slowly.

"The vibrations are coming from the bridge itself," he told the D.A. "That means your crazy musician managed to hide himself there. Contact your patrol cars at once. Close in on the man. I'm going to use our deflector-rejector unit and see how it works. Actually it throws back the vibrations to the source that sends them out."

Patrol cars 36 and 45 hurried to the center of the bridge. There on the catwalk they saw a man playing a violin. There was a slight sway to the bridge. All motor traffic, pedestrian and automobiles had been diverted from both ends of the bridge.

"We got orders to get him alive if possible," said Sergeant Mike O'Donleary. "We'll rush him together."

As long as he was destined to live, the police officer was going to tell the impossible thing that happened.

"All of a sudden this crazy guy dropped his violin. It was a funny song he was playing. He toppled over. Know what happened to him? He just fell apart. Yes sir, into hundreds of little pieces. Maybe there is a certain justice in this world. He died like the way he made buildings fall."

Captain Roy Kulman had a comment to make to his superiors in Washington:

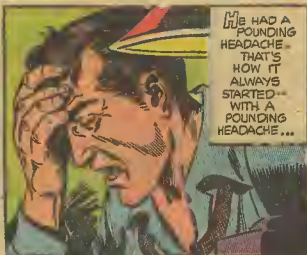
"Deflector-rejector unit worked perfectly."

David Sanger, the reporter, merely wrote:

"It was 'Destructive Death' — but not as he planned it."

The End

YOU KNOW TOO MUCH!



HE HAD A POUNDING HEADACHE— THAT'S HOW IT ALWAYS STARTED— WITH A POUNDING HEADACHE...

HE TRIED TO FIGHT IT, BUT IT WAS NO USE. THE FEELING KEPT RISING INSIDE OF HIM LIKE HISsing STEAM INSIDE A BOILER.

HE FOUND HIMSELF CLIMBING THE STAIRS...



HE WAS UP IN THE BEDROOM NOW, OPENING THE DRAWER. FROM THE OTHER BEDROOM, HE COULD HEAR THE KIDS BREATHING HEAVILY IN THEIR SLEEP. FROM DOWNSTAIRS CAME THE STEADY CLICKING OF HIS WIFE'S CROCHETING NEEDLES, THE POUNDING IN HIS HEAD WAS EVEN WORSE. HE WAS WINCING AS HIS HAND GROPED INSIDE THE DRAWER FOR THE SECRET COMPARTMENT...



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

HE WAS CLOMPING DOWN AGAIN, DRESSED FOR THE STREET, WHEN HIS WIFE'S VOICE CALLED TO HIM ...



AL, DEAR, YOU'RE NOT GOING OUTSIDE, ARE YOU?

YEAH, HONEY --JUST FOR A WALK. WHY NOT?

YOU KNOW I DON'T WANT TO TIE YOU DOWN, AL! BUT I'VE BEEN READING THOSE STORIES IN THE PAPER ABOUT **THE KNIFE!** YOU KNOW, THAT CRAZY KILLER... THE ONE WHO STABS TOTAL STRANGERS IN THE DARK! PLEASE, AL...STAY INSIDE, I'D GO MAD IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU!

FOR A MOMENT, HE ALMOST WEAKENED, ALMOST WRIGGLED OUT OF HIS COAT AND DROPPED INTO A CHAIR-- BUT THEN THE POUNDING IN HIS HEAD STARTED AGAIN:
**THUMP-
THUMP-
THUMP...**



RELAX, HONEY. I JUST WANT A BREATH OF AIR. I'LL BE CAREFUL... I PROMISE

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, HE SMILED GRIMLY...

I'LL BE CAREFUL, ALL RIGHT... NOT TO GET **CAUGHT!**



HE CAUGHT A CROSS-TOWN BUS AND STOOD SWAYING IN THE AISLE --AL BARTLETT, MR. AVERAGE AMERICAN, WITH A WIFE AT HOME, TWO KIDS, A HOUSE WITH A MORTGAGE, A SECOND-HAND CAR---AND IN HIS COAT POCKET...

LEAVING THE BUS, HE STATIONED HIMSELF IN THE SHADY ENTRANCE OF A DARK ALLEY. THE POUNDING INSIDE HIS HEAD WAS WORSE THAN EVER. HIS MOUTH FELT DRY AND SOUR. THE HILT OF THE KNIFE WAS DAMP WITH SWEAT AS HE GRIPPED IT TIGHTLY INSIDE HIS POCKET...



....A KNIFE!!



SOME ONE WAS COMING!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

THE
KNIFE
FLASHED
IN THE
MOONLIGHT!

HEY!

AAAARGHH!

THE
HEADACHE
WAS GONE
NOW. THE
POUNDING HAD
STOPPED.
HE WALKED
AWAY BRISKLY...
AL BARTLETT,
MR. AVERAGE
AMERICAN ON
HIS WAY HOME
TO THE WIFE
AND KIDS...
AFTER A
BREATH OF
AIR...

HI, KIDS! ANYTHING NEW
IN THE PAPERS, HONEY?

IT'S AWFUL...SIMPLY
AWFUL! THE KNIFE
STRUCK AGAIN! HE
KILLED TWO MEN
LAST NIGHT!

WHAT! LET ME SEE
THAT PAPER!

SWEAT FILLED HIS FOREHEAD AS HE
READ THE ARTICLE IN THE PAPER. HIS
HANDS TREMBLED. TWO VICTIMS,
THE ARTICLE SAID--AND HE REMEM-
BERED KILLING ONLY ONE!

AL, WHAT'S
WRONG?
LEAVE ME ALONE... I
DON'T FEEL SO GOOD
LEAVE ME ALONE, I
SAID

IT HAD HAPPENED BEFORE--A
KNIFE KILLING THAT HE
COULDN'T REMEMBER! IT WAS
BAD ENOUGH TO BE UNDER
SOME CRAZY COMPULSION TO
KILL STRANGERS...BUT KILLING
WHILE **BLACKING OUT**...THAT
REALLY SCARED HIM!

AL, SHOULD
I CALL THE
OFFICE?
ARE YOU
SICK?

WFEZE DAILY

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

HE WAS SICK, ALL RIGHT. SICK WITH THE HORRIBLE FEAR THAT DURING ONE OF THOSE **BLACK-OUTS**, HE MIGHT TURN THE **KNIFE** AGAINST **HIS OWN WIFE AND KIDS!**



YEAH...YOU BETTER CALL THE OFFICE. I'M SICK, REAL SICK.

HE STAYED IN BED ALL DAY---AND ALL DAY HIS EYES KEPT WANDERING TO THE BUREAU WHERE THE KNIFE LAY IN ITS SECRET COMPARTMENT...

ONLY ONE! I CAN ONLY REMEMBER KILLING ONE LAST NIGHT!



THAT NIGHT WAS HIDEOUS WITH A DREAM THAT SAW HIM STANDING OVER HIS FAMILY'S CORPSES WITH THE DRIPPING KNIFE IN HIS HAND...



NO... NO!!

IF THE STRAIN HAD KEPT UP, HE WOULD HAVE CRACKED...WOULD HAVE GONE TO THE POLICE AND GIVEN HIMSELF UP, RATHER THAN ENDANGER THE WIFE AND THE KIDS--- BUT THE NEXT MORNING HE SAW THIS WRITE-UP IN THE PAPER...



DR. HENRY LIVINGSTON, PSYCHIATRIST, SPECIALIZES IN QUIRKS OF THE CRIMINAL MIND. HMMM...

MAYBE THE DOC COULD HELP HIM! IT WAS A CHANCE! WHY NOT?... JUST IN CASE THE DOC WAS A WRONGO, AL TOOK HIS KNIFE ALONG...



YES? DOC, PLEASE, I KNOW YOU'RE A BUSY MAN---BUT I'M IN TERRIBLE TROUBLE...

THE DOC WAS A REAL NICE GUY. HE LET AL IN AND GOT HIM RIGHT DOWN ON THE COUCH...



YOU NEED NOT WORRY ABOUT REVEALING THE PRECISE NATURE OF WHAT IS TROUBLING YOU. IN PLAIN WORDS, YOU ARE MY PATIENT--- AND NOTHING YOU TELL ME WILL REACH THE EARS OF THE POLICE. NOW TALK FREELY--TELL ME EVERYTHING. BEGIN BACK WITH YOUR EARLIEST MEMORY...

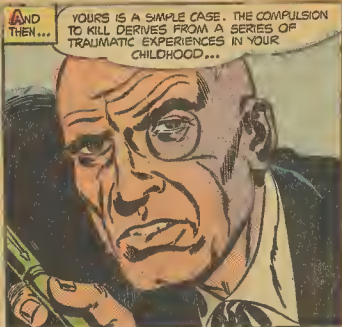
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

SO AL TALKED. HE TALKED
TILL HIS THROAT WAS DRY...



AND
THEN...

YOURS IS A SIMPLE CASE. THE COMPULSION
TO KILL DERIVES FROM A SERIES OF
TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCES IN YOUR
CHILDHOOD...



"YOUR STEP-FATHER
KEPT MALTRREATING
YOUR MOTHER, YOU
WERE A PUNY BOY...
AND FORCED TO
WATCH HELPLESSLY
AS YOUR POOR
MOTHER WRITHED IN
PAIN. ALL THAT
TIME WHILE WATCH-
ING THE BEATINGS,
THE DESIRE TO
KILL YOUR STEP-
FATHER KEPT
MOUNTING HIGHER
AND HIGHER
INSIDE YOU..."



"BUT YOUR STEP-FATHER DIED
BEFORE YOU COULD ACT! AND YOU
WERE LEFT WITH THE NEED TO KILL
STILL BLAZING IN YOUR SUBCON-
SCIOUS..."

"SO NOW THE HEADACHES COME PERI-
ODICALLY...THE HEADACHES THAT
FORCE YOU TO GO OUT INTO THE
NIGHT WITH THE KNIFE! AND EACH
TIME YOU KILL, YOU ARE SYMBOLIC-
ALLY KILLING YOUR STEP-
FATHER!"



DOC, YOU'RE WONDER-
FUL! THE WHOLE THING
IS CLEAR TO ME NOW!
BUT HOW DID YOU DO
IT SO FAST? I
THOUGHT THIS KIND OF
TREATMENT LASTED
MONTHS AND MONTHS!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT--I
FEEL BETTER ALREADY
WHAT'S THE MATTER,
DOC--YOU DON'T LOOK
SO GOOD.

I-I HAVE
A HEAD-
ACHE.
EXCUSE
ME,
PLEASE,
FOR A
MOMENT.
I'LL BE
RIGHT
BACK.

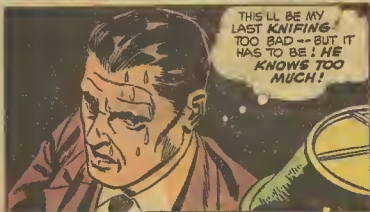


STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

HE WENT TO THE NEXT ROOM. HOW DO I KNOW HE'S NOT PHONING THE COPS RIGHT NOW...? CAN I TRUST HIM...? **HE KNOWS TOO MUCH!** WHAT IF ONE OF MY VICTIMS WAS A RELATIVE OF HIS...?



THIS LL BE MY LAST **KNIFING** TOO BAD -- BUT IT HAS TO BE! **HE KNOWS TOO MUCH!**



THE QUICK MOVING SHADOW ON THE WALL WARNED AL... BUT NOT SOON ENOUGH!



AAAARGH!



AL WAS DYING NOW ...

DOC-- W-WHY DID YOU ... (GASP) ...DO IT?!

FOOL! MY STEP-FATHER WAS CRUEL TO MY MOTHER, TOO! HOW ELSE COULD I HAVE KNOWN **SO SOON** WHAT WAS AT THE ROOT OF YOUR TROUBLE?



TH-THEN THE KNIFINGS I **COULDN'T** ... (GASP)

REMEMBER ... YOU DID THEM!

EXACTLY! AND SOON-ER OR LATER YOU'D HAVE BEGUN WONDER-ING AT THE SPEED OF MY ANALYSIS ... AND YOU'D HAVE GUESSED! THAT'S WHY I HAD TO KILL YOU-- **YOU KNEW TOO MUCH!** AND NOW SINCE YOUR FAMILY MIGHT KNOW THAT YOU CAME HERE TODAY ...



...I'LL HAVE TO USE MY KNIFE ON THEM TOO !!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

FOR THE CHOPPER AND TONY, THE OLD BANK'S VAULTS HAD BEEN EGG-SHELL EASY. AND AHEAD, THE PERFECT HIDEOUT LAY WAITING FOR THEM. IT WAS---

A NICE QUIET PLACE!

BUT FATE PLANNED FIRE-WORKS NOW!

TAKE THAT ARM AWAY, TONY--YOU CRAZY? WHAT IF THE CHOPPER SEES?

THAT OLD HAS-BEEN'S SLEEPIN' LIKE A PIG BACK THERE--



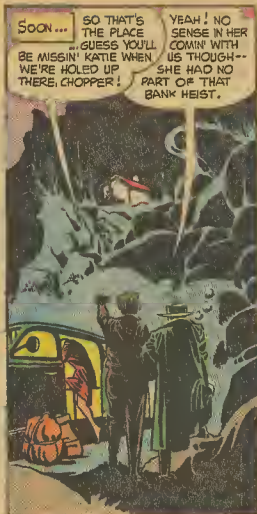
ONCE THE HEAT'S OFF, WE'LL GIVE HIM THE BRUSH, KATE...GO AWAY TOGETHER, MEXICO, RIO, ALL THE BRIGHT SPOTS...



MAYBE...MAYBE NOT, TONY. NOBODY EVER GAVE OLD CHOPPER THE BRUSH-OFF YET, UP HERE IN THE STICKS, ACCIDENTS GOT A WAY OF HAPPENING...



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



SOON...

SO THAT'S THE PLACE... GUESS YOU'LL BE MISSIN' KATIE WHEN WE'RE HOLED UP THERE, CHOPPER!

YEAH! NO SENSE IN HER COMIN' WITH US THOUGH-- SHE HAD NO PART OF THAT BANK HEIST.

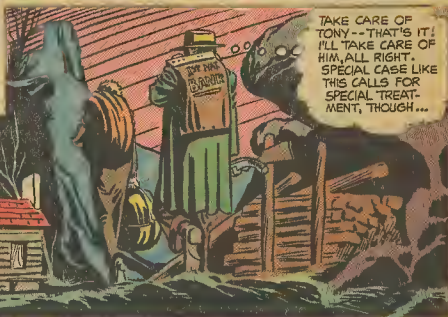


UNLOADED YOUR THINGS FOR YOU CHOPPER, GUN SWAG EVERY THING...

LITTLE PEACH AREN'T YOU? REALLY TAKE CARE OF YOUR NUMBER ONE BOY...



SO LONG, BACK FOR YOU WHEN THINGS LOOK RIGHT. TAKE CARE, BABY--



TAKE CARE OF TONY--THAT'S IT! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, ALL RIGHT. SPECIAL CASE LIKE THIS CALLS FOR SPECIAL TREATMENT, THOUGH...



THE PERFECT HIDEOUT I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, CHOPPER--YOU REALLY PICK 'EM. THIS WON'T BE HARD TO TAKE.

UN-UH, IT'S A NICE, QUIET PLACE...JUST YOU AND ME, TONY. NO SNOOPERS TO WORRY ABOUT...



GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP A FIRE GON, YOU WANT ME TO GET SOME FIREWOOD, CHOPPER?

I'LL DO IT THIS TIME, TONY...WANT TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND!

AND GET OUT BEFORE I TAKE YOU APART WITH MY BARE HANDS!

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT! SHOULD HAVE LEFT HIM IN THE GUTTER WHERE I FOUND HIM THREE YEARS AGO! HE'S GOTTA GO --- THERE'S NO OTHER WAY!



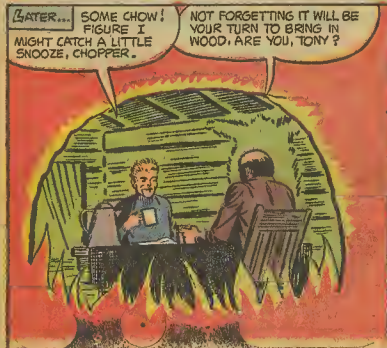
WHAT IN THE NAME OF ---! TRACKS OF A COUGAR --- MOUNTAIN LION! BIG ONE, TOO!



HUNDRED AND SIXTY IF THE DEVIL WEIGHS AN OUNCE! MUST COME POKIN' AROUND HERE LOOKIN' FOR FOOD -- THAT'S IT, SURE!



YOU'RE GONNA GET YOUR FEED, KITTY... A REGULAR BANQUET... A FEAST ON RAT!



LATER... SOME CHOW! FIGURE I MIGHT CATCH A LITTLE SNOOZE, CHOPPER.

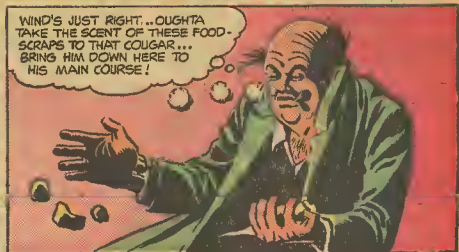
NOT FORGETTING IT WILL BE YOUR TURN TO BRING IN WOOD, ARE YOU, TONY?



NUH--UNH, I AIN'T FOR-GETTIN', CHOPPER. IF I DON'T WAKE WHEN THE FIRE BURNS DOWN --

THEN I'LL WAKE YOU, TONY --- DON'T WORRY.

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

GUESS YOU WERE SMART
TAKING THE DAYTIME TRIP,
CHOPPER. KIND OF WEIRD
AND SPOOKY AROUND HERE
NOW AND--WHAT'S THAT



THERE'S SOMETHING UP
THERE, CHOPPER. CAN YOU
HEAR ME? IT--IT'S A
MOUNTAIN LION!



AND THEN---

OW-WWW!



I-I STUMBLED INTO
A TRAP, CHOPPER!
HELP ME, CHOPPER
---HELP!



SURE I'M GONNA HELP YOU!
I'M GONNA BLAST YOU IN TWO
IF YOU SLIP OUT OF THAT
TRAP, LOVER BOY!



WHAT? NAW,
CHOPPER---
YOU GOT IT ALL
WRONG! THERE
WAS NOTHING
LIKE THAT
BETWEEN KATE
AND ME! YOU
GOTTA BELIEVE
ME, CHOPPER!

UN-UNH, THIS, I'M GONNA
ENJOY, TONY. NICE OF KATE
NOT TO LET ME FORGET MY
GUN. I MIGHT NEED IT!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

DEAR READERS...THANKS TO ALL OF YOU WHO DELUGED US WITH ANSWERS TO OUR 4-PAGE QUIZ, **HIGH-TENSION**, WHICH APPEARED IN A RECENT 'LAW-BREAKERS SUSPENSE'. BEST OF THE SOLUTIONS, WE THOUGHT, WAS SUBMITTED BY PATRICIA HAMER, OF CYPRESS GARDENS, FLORIDA. THE \$10 PRIZE IS ALREADY ON ITS WAY TO YOU, PAT! AND HERE IS **PATRICIA HAMER'S SOLUTION TO....**

HIGH-TENSION

C'MON, YOU PHILANDERER...THE END OF ALL YOUR REHEARSING HAS JUST ABOUT ARRIVED!

N-NO... NO!

PICK UP BRAND

DISCOVERING THAT HIS WIFE AND NICK RUSSELL, HIS AERIAL PARTNER, ARE INVOLVED IN A SECRET LOVE AFFAIR, ALFREDO TARBELLO PLOTS TO KILL THE MAN WHO IS WOONING TINA AWAY FROM HIM. AND SO, UP ON THE PERILOUS HIGH-WIRE, AS THE TWO PERFORMERS GRIMLY REHEARSE THEIR DANGEROUS ACT, THERE IS **HIGH-TENSION!**

A NICE QUIET REHEARSAL YOU WANTED...WITH NO WITNESSES PRESENT! LET'S WORK EXACTLY AS WE WILL THE NIGHT OF OUR PREMIERE, YOU SAID...

P-PLEASE, ALFREDO! T-THIS IS CRAZ... ARGHHH!

HE'S GONE... OUT OF MY LIFE! AND OUT OF TINA'S, TOO!

ALFREDO!

THAT GRUESOME CRASH COULD MEAN BUT ONE THING...NICK IS SMEARED ALL OVER THE PLACE! NOW TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT BY FALLING MYSELF! I'LL TAKE A NASTY BOUNCING AROUND ON THE SAFETY NET WHEN I HIT...BUT IT'S WORTH IT TO GO SCOT-FREE!

ALFREDO TARBELLO STEPPED OUT IN THE DARKNESS OF THE DESERTED BIG TOP, GLOATING OVER HIS FOOLPROOF PLAN. BUT AS HE PLUMMETED DOWN, DOUBT BEGAN TO GNAW AT HIS BRAIN...

W-WHAT DID NICK MEAN WHEN HE SAID THIS WOULD BE **EXACTLY** LIKE A REGULAR PERFORMANCE? C-COULD IT BE...THAT...?

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

G-GOOD LORD! HE COULD HAVE MEANT THAT WE WERE REHEARSING WITHOUT THE SAFETY NET! IF...IF IT'S NOT DOWN THERE, I-I'LL PLUNGE TO...TO MY DEATH!

AT PRECISELY THAT MOMENT, A FIGURE MOVED OUT OF THE DARKNESS DOWN ON THE FLOOR OF THE BIG TOP...

NICK'S IDEA OF HAVING ME CUT THE SAFETY NET IS RISKY... BUT IT WILL FREE US FOREVER OF ALFREDO'S MEDDLING! I SAW HIS BODY CRASHING DOWN...NICK MUST'VE SUCCEEDED IN MAKING MY CURSED HUSBAND FALL! I'D BETTER MAKE SURE...

BRRR! HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT...AND BARELY RECOGNIZABLE! NICK AND I WILL SAY IT WAS AN ACCID...NO! T-THIS ISN'T ALFREDO...IT'S MY LOVER!

H-HOW CAN FATE...? SOB... BE SO CRUEL! THIS MUST BE MY PUNISHMENT...? SOB... FOR HELPING TO PLOT ALFREDO'S DEATH!

THERE WAS A TERRIFIC CRASH, THEN GROTESQUE SILENCE. A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AFTER THE BIG TOP LIGHTS HAD BEEN TURNED ON...

HARD TO BELIEVE THAT ALL THREE OF THEM COULD'VE PILED UP LIKE THIS! THREE OF THE GREATEST AERIALISTS IN THE BUSINESS... DEAD! HOW COULD IT H-HAPPEN?

THE DIZZY HEIGHTS... THE GRUELING ROUTINES...THE HIGH-TENSION THEY WORKED UNDER! THAT'S THE ONLY POSSIBLE EXPLANATION!

COMPLETE BAFFLING MAGIC OUTFIT

20 First Class Illusions

BE A MAGICIAN — FOOL AND DELIGHT THEM WITH
A FULL 2 HOUR MYSTERY SHOW

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Only



ROPE TRICK—Cut it in half, yet it is still in one piece and other surprises—yours only with this offer.



GRAVITY—Defy scientific laws. Seeing is believing. You'll fool them plenty when you know how.



MAGIC MIRROR—Spectators will be amazed. With it you read cards, without even looking at them.



FLYING QUARTER—Here's one you can do over and over again and make all the guessers look foolish.

Now the top secrets of 20 professional magic tricks are yours to entertain and amaze your friends and make you popular. With this outfit you get 20 exclusive tricks and the secret knowledge of how to easily perform them all for only \$1.00.

You Alone Will Know These Revealing Secrets

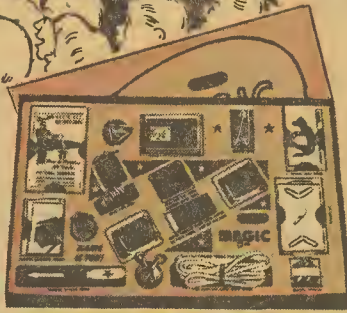
Imagine, by just waving your magic wand and shouting a few magic words you will be able to make things disappear and reappear... imagine your friends and mother and dad all being fooled, surprised and amazed. You'll hold them spell-bound. They will just sit open mouthed with wonderment. They'll be delighted, for it's a barrel of fun for everyone. It's so fascinating and thrilling... BUT... the hidden secrets will be yours, never to reveal. Follow the simple directions and no one will ever catch on.

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The illustrated instructions furnished are so simple you will master all these tricks at once. It's fun practicing too... for here you have a short cut to magic learning that starts you doing tricks right away. You can't go wrong... it's as easy as A, B, C's AND... the set of 20 exclusive tricks is almost a gift at this limited offer price of \$1.00.

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ALL THESE 20 TRICKS INCLUDED

CUT AND RESTORED ROPE	HORSE AND RIGOR
FAMOUS PADDOLE TRICK	CHINESE LAUNDRY TICKET
RING ON STRING	MIRACLE COIN TRICK
VIS-ESCAPE	QUESTION MARK
MAGIC PINS	GRAPPLES
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GRAVITY OEFYER	MASTER CARD LOCATION
MAGIC MIRROR	PLUS 5 CUT-OUT TRICKS

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Rush my Baffling Magic Outfit on approval for only \$1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it after 10 days free trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name

Address

☐ Send G.O.D. I will pay postman \$1 on delivery plus a few cents postage.

☐ I enclose \$1 for my MAGIC OUTFIT. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage. Same money back guarantee.

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Whether you build the flying wings, the parachute or other of Leonardo's inventions, one thing is sure, you will enjoy the exciting and thrilling story, **THE BIRDMAN**, which is illustrated in color with the kind of pictures you like to look at. You don't have to buy **THE BIRDMAN** which is only 98¢ because you can send for it for a 10-day trial and if you don't get a real kick out of **THE BIRDMAN** the cost will be nothing.

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GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



SKINNY

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GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDERWEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. Guaranteed to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no

dangerous drugs . . . you eat it like candy! Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wallflower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

10-DAY
SUPPLY \$1.
ONLY

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are unconditionally guaranteed to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything. Act now!

We don't want
SKINNY
on our team!



Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 120
318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.



Mrs. Ruth Long

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I'll be happy to send you without you paying a penny, this lovable, young, miniature DOG that is so tiny when even fully grown you can carry it in your pocket or hold it in one hand, yet it barks and is a reliable watch dog as well as a pet. You can keep it in a shoe box and enjoy many amusing hours teaching it tricks . . . active, healthy, intelligent and clean. Simply hand out only 20 get-acquainted coupons to friends and relatives to help us get that many new customers as per our premium letter. I enjoy my own lively, tiny dog so much. It is such wonderful company that I'm sure you'll simply love one yourself.

Please send me your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture when writing for your Miniature Dog. We will make you a beautiful 5x7 inch enlargement in a handsome "Movietone" frame SO YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS about our bargain hand-colored enlargements when handing out the get-acquainted coupons free. Just mail me your favorite snapshot, print or negative NOW and pay the postman only 19c plus postage when your treasured enlargement arrives and I'll include the "Movietone" frame at no extra cost. LIMIT of 2 to any one person. Your original returned with your enlargement and frame. Also include the COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES with each picture, so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others.

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